The Liberalist

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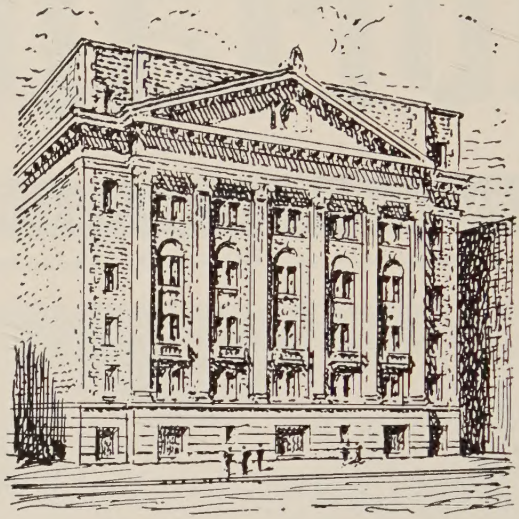
In hearts too young for enmity there
lies the way to make men free;
When childrens' friendships are world wide
New ages will be glorified.
Let child love child, and strife will cease,
Disarm the hearts, for that is peace.

Ethel Blair Jordan



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Monday, 21 April.

"BLUE Monday"—I wonder where this phrase originated. Rarely is it applicable to my own feelings on any Monday morning. Yesterday was a busy day—an inspiring morning service; a large wedding in Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity Chapel in Evanston; and the concert by the Northern University Choir of Ada, Ohio, in our own church at night, with hospital calls in the late afternoon. In the evening service last night Mr. Kraft, our Associate Pastor, spoke on "Why I Am Going to Russia."

After the service we had a farewell for Mr. and Mrs. Kraft. They packed their car in the afternoon, drove to the church service and left immediately for New York and drove all night. They are leaving the car in New York while they are abroad. They sail Tuesday, April 22nd.

Mr. Kraft is taking with him slides and reels of pictures of our educational and religious institutions and is going to show them in six Russian cities. He will return to Chicago on June 14th.

We are continuing the church services through June and July this year, and Mr. Kraft will speak on his trip on Sunday morning, June 15th at the 11 o'clock service.

I am preaching my last service for the season on Sunday morning, June 8th. I am leaving on the SS "Britannic" on Wednesday, June 11th and will be preaching in Dublin, Ireland, on June 22nd and in Belfast, Ireland, on June 29th. Then I go the Newcastle-upon-Tyne in England and will be preaching also in Bath, England and other places in the British Isles. I shall return to Chicago in time to address the International Congress of Free Religion which is meeting here on August 9th through August 13th. I am speaking at the all-Congress Luncheon on Tuesday, August 12th. A more detailed account of the summer activities will be available in the June Liberalist.

I am very grateful for the letters and comments which readers have sent regarding our "Along the Way" department in our magazine.

Since last writing "Along the Way" we have had our triumphant and inspiring Easter in the church. The weather was not all that we desired, but the congregations were not affected. Inspiring congregations were present all during Holy Week at the noon meetings in the Erlanger Theatre and the evening services in the church were an inspiration to us all.

Three never-to-be-forgotten services were held on Easter day. The largest list of new members in several years were publicly received at the 9:00 a.m. service, while the total number of new members for the year made it one of our best seasons.

I cannot express too fully my appreciation for the fact that after nearly forty-six years of serving our beloved church, the work we are trying to do goes forward and becomes increasingly an influence in the spiritual life of our city.

* * *

I am going to pick up now where we left off in the April issue and conclude the Caribbean experience in this number.

Monday, 13 January.

Last night our ship passed La Guaira again. The lights along the shore were striking. We were up at five o'clock, fascinated with the docking of the ship, which was a masterly performance. Our Captain, Alfred

Preston Jump, is one of the finest Captains on the sea, and is a gracious personality.

We had to leave the ship at 9:00 a.m., so everyone went ashore because the ship would be loading bauxite at another dock. Mr. and Mrs. William Jackson met us at the pier. We had met them before and it was pleasant to see them again. Mr. Jackson is a nephew of Mrs. Harry D. Stone. This was Mrs. Stone's first visit to the Trinidad home of her nephew and she had looked forward to it with pleasant anticipation. They have a lovely home from which one can see the sea. They have three wonderful children, Danny, Douglas and Polly Anne, who are watched over and protected by an inseparable dog-companion, "Gumbo."

After a pleasant afternoon and day with them, we returned to our ship, which was anchored out in the Bay. After dressing we went back to the pier about 6:30 and were met by Mr. Garland Chamberlain Routt, of the American Consulate in Port of Spain, Trinidad. We were delighted to meet our old friend, for we first met him and his family in Dublin, Ireland, when he was with the American Embassy in Dublin. We drove to his spacious home for a wonderful dinner and then to the Yacht Club for a program of singing and dancing, presented by the natives of Trinidad. Never have I seen such folk dancing, such rhythm, such interpretation. It is impossible to describe how unusual the program was. A very famous group called "The Trinidadians," did "The Limbo." We never had seen anything like it and it will always remain as one of the most interesting evenings we have ever spent.

It was our good fortune to be presented to Captain Roach, who is the Commandant of the United States Naval Base in Trinidad. We will visit the Naval Base and have lunch there. This is the base, you will recall, that the New Federation of British West Indies has been wanting us to give up, and to have become the capital for the Federation. What will happen is still in the lap of the gods.

We returned to our ship late at night and, after such a lovely day with Mr. and Mrs. William Jackson and all of the others who entertained us, it was a romantic ride under a starlit sky and on a quiet sea back to our ship at anchor. We were both tired and sleep was welcome but we had had a day which will add a beautiful memory to our lives. Mr. Routt has a son who is a student at the University of Chicago, whom we met when he was a youngster in Ireland. We are going to get in touch with him on our return trip. As we turn out the light in the cabin the ship seems strangely quiet, and in the language of the sea, "all's well."

Tuesday, 14 January.

Had a good night's sleep and were up early this morning. I walked around the ship watching the harbor lights. We are anchoring just off the "Alcoa" dock, with the whole line of Trinidad in the background. I worked about two hours this morning and then went ashore at 11:30. June, with Mr. and Mrs. Stone, had gone ashore much earlier. I was met at the pier by Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Stone and June and we went out to the United States Naval Base, out along the coast. Our government has accomplished a great deal in building this base. The clearing to be done and the necessary construction work represents a great deal of labor and investment. It was formerly a plantation of orange, lemon and lime trees. Now there is an attractive club house with a fine beach and it is one of the most delightful spots I have ever seen. I

hope our government retains it. The Jacksons entertained us to a splendid luncheon there, then back to the ship. We said goodbye at the pier, hoping that we could come back to the lovely island of Trinidad again. We sailed at four o'clock this afternoon.

Captain Jump invited June and me to the bridge. His hospitality will never be forgotten. It meant much to us both for we are both interested in ships and the sea. June has been a member of the U.S. Coast Guard and has studied navigation a great deal. I have been interested in ships all my life, from the first little home-made row boat that I had on the Shiawasee River until this moment. Captain Jump showed us many interesting features of the bridge, and after seeing the equipment in navigation, fire protection and other features connected with the "Alcoa Cavalier" our respect and admiration for the ship increased. We have always found her a sturdy ship and her conduct in the heavy seas through which we had passed revealed her seaworthiness. When we raised the anchor to sail, an old watersoaked ship's line was brought up with the anchor, and when discovered our Captain felt there might be a danger of its getting twisted about the ship's screw, and stopped the engine until it was safe to resume.

We stayed on the bridge for nearly two hours. I was on the opposite side of the bridge when I heard three long whistles and one short, from our ship's siren, which is the marine salute when leaving a port. I walked over to the other side of the bridge and discovered that June was the one operating the whistle. The Captain had given her the privilege of sounding the departing salute. She blew it once after that and did it with such professional skill I thought it was the Captain himself. Somewhere in her ancestry there must have been some seafaring forbears.

Wednesday, 15 January.

Up early as usual to see our arrival at La Guaira and to watch the rugged scenery along the Venezuelan coast. High mountains crowned with mist and clouds. It was the most interesting scenery of our trip. Some of the passengers sat on the sea side of the ship and others were playing bridge. How it is possible to have available such beautiful scenery and not see it is more than I can understand. As the Captain himself said to us yesterday on the bridge when we were discussing this very matter: "Why do they come, I wonder!"

It was fascinating watching the ship come alongside in La Guaira. It took a great deal of expert maneuvering. A stowaway got on our ship somehow when we were in La Guaira a few days ago, and was being brought back to La Guaira. He was discovered before we reached Trinidad. I saw him leave the ship here. He looked like a fine young man about 18 years old. He apparently was trying to escape from the troubles in Venezuela. He may have been a student and involved with them. The officers met him at our ship and as he walked away he glanced up at the ship, and the expression on his face was one of tragic disappointment. I wonder what will be his fate.

We sailed at 3:15 this afternoon in a heavy rain and squall, but the mountains were more majestic than ever. The color was vivid and the mists were dramatic with beauty. As we sailed away the sky became blue, the sun came out, and the Caribbean reflected a deep bluish tint as beautiful a sea color as can be found on any ocean.

Thursday, 16 January.

At sea all day with the usual ship routine. After breakfast went to the sun deck and read until noon, rested

after luncheon, then walked the deck, a pleasant dinner and a quiet evening. We went to see an old picture tonight, "How Green Was My Valley," which brought back memories of the time we saw the play. Walter Pidgeon played the lead and did it with superb artistry. It was a very old picture but we saw it on the deck, under open skies, and it was a romantic experience and one which will linger on.

Friday, 17 January.

The relaxation of these days at sea is a valuable thing for us. I have been reading and sunbathing all day, with caressing sunlight and delightful warmth. Some very fine friends whom we met on the ship gave a cocktail party in the lounge tonight for the cruise passengers. We were invited and went, but I despise cocktail parties. The "yak-yak-yak" and small talk irritate me more than almost anything else. I avoid them at every opportunity. I am always uncomfortable and never know what to say. It was almost imperative we attend because the ship is small, everyone knows everyone else, so we went. We went to another picture tonight and saw "Lucy Gallant" with Mr. Charlton Heston and Wallace Ford. Mr. Heston, you will recall, did Moses in "The Ten Commandments," and we had the opportunity of meeting him when he visited Chicago. He went to Northwestern University. And Wallace Ford we knew years ago. I spoke at the reception given to Mr. Heston at the Cordon Club here in Chicago and met Mrs. Heston,—a very attractive and unusual couple.

Tonight I made the presentation address to Mr. Louis A. Beninate, the Cruise Director. I have been on many ships, but I have never been on one that had a more genial, friendly, capable, interesting, dynamic personality than is the Cruise Director of this ship, whom we all learned to call affectionately, Louis. He was available always, was deeply concerned with the welfare and enjoyment of everyone on this ship. He was universally admired and will live always in our hearts. Some cruises ago he had as passengers Mr. and Mrs. James Hart of the Ambassador East Hotel here in Chicago, and told Mr. Hart he was about to be married. Mr. Hart invited him and his bride to spend their honeymoon in Chicago and as their guests at the Ambassador East, which they did; and Louis and his wife are coming to Chicago to spend their anniversary and we hope to see them again.

Regretfully we see the days passing by. There is a little sea tonight, but we are enjoying every hour of it all. We set the clock back one hour tonight and we are now on Chicago time.

Saturday, 18 January.

At sea and up early. We had breakfast at 9:00 o'clock with Mr. and Mrs. Stone and then June and I were invited to the bridge again, where we spent two hours. The officer in charge, Charles Johnson, is a Mobile, Alabama, boy and is planning to become a pilot on the river leading to Mobile. June had an opportunity of getting the ship's position with the sextant, which was very interesting and valuable to her. Charles Johnson was very kind and affable and we are delighted with his friendship.

Tonight the great event of the cruise took place, for it was the Captain's dinner. Everyone was dressed, at the tables were many favors, various kinds of hats of all hues, and at every place were many gadgets for the purpose of making a noise; and make a noise they did. The Captain's dinner is a tradition at sea and everyone is at their best.

Louis and the Captain and the ship's

crew were saluted again and again and it was a very happy ship tonight.

Earlier in the week I was invited by the Captain to conduct the religious service tomorrow morning at 11:00 o'clock for the ship's crew and passengers. I accepted the invitation, remembering that the first Sunday we were at sea the service was postponed because of the storm.

Sunday, 19 January.

As always on every Sunday morning of my life I awakened unusually early, with the thought of the sermon and the service on my mind. After a shower I walked the deck until church time. The sea was very calm today, the temperature ideal. The service was held in the lounge, which had been arranged most conveniently. Lou, our crew director, conducted the service, and, as he is a Roman Catholic it was for me an interesting experience to hear him read the scripture, announce familiar old hymns and enter into the spirit of the hour. He did it most effectively and was obviously deeply sincere in the service. Almost every passenger was present. I found it rather difficult because the sea was my background. Everyone attending the service could look by me onto the sea. I had to compete with the sea for their interest and attention, but they were most kind and most helpful. I was thinking of our own services going on at the same hour and said a little silent prayer for the church and the people I love.

An incident occurred in connection with the service which I think will interest you. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Roberts, of Memphis, Tennessee, are passengers on the cruise. Mr. Roberts is one of the most vital, dynamic men I have ever met; a man of definite opinions who never hesitates to express them. I found him very interesting and very challenging. We had several conversations together after we had been at sea some days, and I found him very stimulating. He took a great interest in everything that he saw and everything that happened on the cruise. They were both present at the service this morning. Wholly unknown to me he went to Mr. Stone after the service and said to him: "I am going to give you a check for the Peoples Church of Chicago. That sermon affected me and I want to do something for Dr. Bradley's church." He gave Mr. Stone a check for $50 and said to him: "Dr. Bradley is not to know this or to see this check until after he is on the train, bound for home." I knew nothing about it until then. Mr. Roberts' kindness is appreciated by us all, and I hope sometime June and I can renew our friendship with the Roberts. It was a kindly, gracious thing to do.

We are on the Gulf of Mexico tonight on our way to Mobile and we will soon be home.

Monday, 20 January.

Early this morning I saw the harbor lights, and after breakfast at 7:30 we went on deck and watched the shoreline as we slowly edged toward Mobile, Alabama. The scenery was not very interesting. The land is flat on both sides of the river. By 9:00 o'clock this morning we were off the ship and through customs. We had had immigration on the ship. Then several of us, at the suggestion of Mr. Stone, chartered a bus for New Orleans. It was a good bus and we had a pleasant ride, stopping along the way on the Gulf of Mexico near Biloxi for lunch. It poured rain all the way—simply a downpour, but nevertheless we sang and exchanged incidents of the trip. It was a happy busload of friends who had never known or seen each other until seventeen days before.

There were many individuals on the

(*Continued on page* 11)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

THERE is no love more unfathomable than the sacrificial and sacramental love of motherhood. Woman was endowed by the infinite mind of the creative and divine intelligence with the sacredness of nestling close to her heart for nine long months the knowledge that she was to walk down to the very rivers of death itself and feel the icy, cold blasts of the water of death against her ankles, so that out from under her heart she could give to the world another human soul. That is unfathomable!

None of us need be ashamed of feeling a little deep sentiment about our mothers. That's the one love you never need blush for; the one love you never need explain. It is the most perfect relationship in the world, imperfectly as it is sometimes expressed and lived.

In this age women are doing more than two thousand separate and distinct tasks—in the arts, in the sciences, in business, in the professions, and doing them better and better all the time.

My mother never had the privilege of being a mother in an age like this. In that little, humble home in that tiny village of Linden where we lived, she never saw an electric light; never had any running water. Our little home was heated by a coal stove in the living room; we carried our dishwater from the pump outside the house. She never knew a gadget of modern life—she did every bit of her own washing and every bit of her own cooking.

I do not speak depreoatingly of the modern home, not at all. I wouldn't bring back those "good old days" as we refer to them sometimes, for anything in the world. But some strange influence is happening to our modern life, and I stop and ask myself quite often these days: "Is it for the better or is it for the worse?"

In the early days of my own blessed childhood there were only three institutions in my life. There were no movies, no television, no radio. In those first sixteen years of my life, which I spent in that house, there were three institutions in my life. The first was our home. That was the center of every activity. We shared everything together—we had time for each other. My mother was not attempting to solve the problems of society or of government. There were

no clubs, in which women can spend so much fine energy and time—they didn't exist. We had time for each other. So as I look back across these years, I'm just wondering how much the time element is doing to disturb the real values of life: the constant round of appointments, engagements; the tyranny of the clock; the confusion, the noise, the trafficking of life.

The second institution was the school, and the third was the church. Those three institutions—the home, the school, the church, encompassed my life.

No, I would not go back to the supposed "good old days." But time is so precious, every hour of it, every minute and every second, that I would issue a note of warning, that we try to schedule our time to the very best advantage, so that we have time for the real values of life—the cultural values; the character building values.

"KING FOR A DAY"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Palm Sunday

March 30, 1958

KING FOR A DAY! Some of you probably will recall that there was a great play written with that title: KING FOR A DAY. I'm not concerned this morning with the play, but I acknowledge taking its title: "KING FOR A DAY." This week nearly seven hundred million people in this world—seven hundred million—will observe Holy Week. All of Christendom—the entire category of the Catholic Church (the Roman, the Eastern, the Greek, all of them) in these next few days, and in this next week, will be observing the significance of this season. All of the Lutherans; all of the Protestants, everybody in the Christian tradition will be observing Holy Week. They are all observing Palm Sunday, every Christian church around the world—from the stately cathedrals of ancient Rome to the little villages and hamlets of Midwest America; from the huts of Africa and the little meeting houses with their thatched roofs to the great, mighty temples of Christianity—all are observing Palm Sunday.

The traditional observance of Palm Sunday is too familiar for me to spend any of my energy or a moment of your time in discussing it. I want, in the time available to me this morning, to see one aspect of the significance of this event that you will not hear in the sermons that are being preached from the pulpits of the land, or of Christendom, on this Palm Sunday. The approach will be the conventional approach: Jesus entering the City of Jerusalem on a lowly beast of burden, the lowliest beast of burden known to man; Jesus being received and welcomed by the multitudes as they wave their palms and other branches—for the palm is not exclusively identified with Palm Sunday; there were other branches and other flowers that were used in the reception, as the ancient scriptures very plainly tell us—but the conventional scene will be portrayed; the personalities in the scene will be

exemplified and the usual traditional lessons from it will be drawn.

I am interested in this, my Forty-sixth annual Palm Sunday Sermon in this pulpit, in seeing in the light of the present moment something of what might happen were this scene to be lifted from the First Century of the Christian era and brought down to this final half of the Twentieth Century. What would happen between that first Palm Sunday and the Palm Sunday twenty centuries later? There are keys to that that sometimes are not used in unlocking the great truth of Christ, and the first of them is: we forget, in the triumphant story, that when He came down from the Mount of Olives and looked toward Jerusalem, He wept! That sentence is not usually injected in the triumph of Palm Sunday. It belongs there to have the picture complete! Here He stands looking upon the ancient city of His fathers, and tears, hot tears, run down his cheeks, and He utters one of the most dramatic as, indeed, it is one of the most accurate, descriptions of an agonizing experience a person ever had, and it is agony, always, to weep over those we love. Tears for those we love are the hottest tears human eyes will ever know! Tears for forgotten love; tears for dead dreams; tears for blighted hopes; tears because someone, to whom you gave the deepest confidences of your heart, has betrayed you —those are earth's tragic tears! Those were the tears He wept on Palm Sunday! "Standing and looking over the ancient city," we are told, "Jesus wept"! The only description in the Bible in which His humanity is more definitely affirmed with His tears!

Tears can bind hearts together! We can laugh with our friends; we can joke with our friends; we can express the merriment of life with our friends, but we've never known our friends until we weep with them! That's when you know a friend! And that's when you sound the depth of friendship—when you can share your heartaches! Not prayer with our friends; not friends when all is well; not friends when you're riding on top of the world, but friends in the valley and in heartache! Jesus wept! And then, through His tears, He uttered one of the most dramatic sentences that ever fell from the lips of man as we hear Him, from the depth of His soul, say these words: "Oh, Jerusalem! Oh, Jerusalem! How oft would I have gathered thee under My wings as a hen gathereth her brood, but ye would not—ye would not!"

Palm Sunday, 1958 — Jerusalem. This "King for a Day," and it only lasted a day, this King—weeping! I don't hear the shouting multitudes this morning; I don't see the great liturgical ceremonies in the church; I don't see the foreheads covered with ashes; I don't hear the long, drawn-out moaning of great litany and liturgy, nor the platitudinous, bromidic utterances of preachers! I hear something else in 1958. I see this Man, sensitive and attuned to every heartache of the world, holding up the ideal for world comity and world peace and world brotherhood and understanding; I see Him facing the Jerusalem of today, a broken, twisted Jerusalem; I see the whole furor of the Middle East while an Arab world unites in conspiracy for the destruction of His Palestine—I see Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-eight as vastly more important than the year One, vastly more, in this hour! And I see Him once again as He looked at His beloved City of Jerusalem, a city that through the ages had known the tread of the Crusader's heel! Through the gates of that Jerusalem had gone

the Crusaders! I see it down through the centuries—when Lord Allenby, the British Imperialist, marched through the gates of Jerusalem; I see the Moslems; I see the whole havoc of human history against the gates of the City of Jerusalem! And I see the modern Jerusalem of today—the "Jerusalem" which is Chicago; the "Jerusalem" which is New York; the "Jerusalem" which is Bombay; the "Jerusalem" which is Capetown; the "Jerusalem" which is London; the "Jerusalem" which is Paris; the "Jerusalem" which is Moscow—that's the real significance for Palm Sunday in this hour of human history; and I can hear Him say, this "King for a day," as He said so long ago: "Oh, my beloved city! Oh, my beloved earth! How oft would I have gathered you under my wings as a hen gathereth her brood, but ye would not!"

And so we go on our way developing nuclear energy to pollute our blood and to eat out our bones and to produce a sterile world! Creating the atmosphere for hate and for war! Turning our back upon the King! I'm wondering, on this Palm Sunday, how long must this madness go on? So I enter Holy Week with Him; I go into Gethsemane with Him; I stand beside Him while His nails gnaw at the rock of Gethsemane, until His palms spurt blood, and I hear Him cry: "Oh Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from Me!" Then He uttered the word which is the heart and the soul of all great, beautiful things: "Nevertheless"! "Though you slay Me; though I am pulled into the dust; though cruel nails will gnaw at my flesh and a soldier will put a spear in my heart, knowing that there is a nearer way to my heart than that"—but he doesn't know it; he doesn't know it—"If it be possible let this pass, but NEVERTHELESS . . ."! So we say: "Nevertheless, we will keep on working; keep on dreaming; keep on preaching; keep on holding the ideals of love and peace and dignity!" "If it be possible let this cup pass from me — nevertheless . . ."! Can we say that on Palm Sunday? If we can, it will be a Holy week! May we always say: "Nevertheless . . ."

Along The Way

(Continued from page 7)

cruise of whom I should like to write more explicitly but space and time prevents. We shall cherish our new friends in our hearts and hope that some day our trails will cross again. I express to the Alcoa Steamship Company, to Captain Jump, to Lou, and to every member of the cruise and the crew my appreciation and gratitude for one of the most restful and delightful experiences of my life. I feel that I am returning to Chicago rested and restored, to begin the long, active weeks which are ahead.

We arrived in New Orleans at 2:00 o'clock and left on the Panama Limited at 5:30. What a joy it is to get back on the Panama Limited, my favorite train in all America.

Mr. and Mrs. Stone, June and I are all grateful. We had an early dinner and retired. Tomorrow—Chicago, the Church, the broadcast, the work, the busy life will be resumed and we will be able to do it better because of these few days we have spent in comradeship with the sea and the sky and the good hearts of people. As I switched out the lights in the compartment I breathed a little prayer of gratitude for the rest and the beauty of these last seventeen days.

REMEMBERING IS NOT ENOUGH!

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

TO stand at the tombs of the Unknown Soldiers of the nations who fought in the First World War is a never-to-be-forgotten experience. It has been my opportunity to visit many of those tombs in various nations of the world.

I shall never forget the moment when I stood at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier of Germany in Berlin, a tomb which is uncovered to the sky and just a sarcophagus. I stood at the tomb of that unknown soldier long before Hitler; long before hate had been coronated in the hearts of the world about Germany. There, at the tomb of Germany's Unknown Soldier I, who in 1914 would have been considered his enemy, stood at his tomb, his friend.

Later I went to the City of Praha in Czechoslovakia and stood at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier of Czechoslovakia, and I saw the reconstruction and the renaissance of the dreams for democratic freedom that the great Dr. Thomas Garrigue Masaryk had outlined in student days at the University of Chicago as he presented the dreams of freedom for his people in the world. I stood at that soldier's tomb and understood.

Later I stood at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier buried there alongside the genius of the British nation in Westminster Abbey. And I am quite sure that many of you have stood there near the main entrance of Westminster Abbey and looked down upon the tomb of the Unknown Soldier of Great Britain. No one knows whether he was white or black; no one knows whether he was Protestant or Catholic or Jew —no one alive knows, except God! And as I stood at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey I thought: "My boy, you, too, died under the inspiration of a motto, a shibboleth: 'To make the world safe for Democracy.' "

Then at Arlington, probably artistically the most beautiful of them all. That white marble, there under the open sky, surrounded by the resting nation's dead at Arlington—America's Unknown Soldier! Nobody knows what his color was or what his creed. Perhaps his creed was his life. That is the only creed that finally matters. I stood at his tomb and I said: "My boy, the war in which you gave that last full measure of devotion was my war, too! And we thought 'fighting to make the world a safe place for democracy' was the finest death in the world —and you died. Nobody knows your age — whether you were twenty or twenty-five. We don't know your color. Perhaps you came from the sunny clime of California; perhaps you knew the tall, majestic pines of Minnesota; perhaps you were sheltered from the hot sun by the shade of Florida palms; perhaps you're from a prairie town in Iowa; perhaps out of a mine in Virginia. We only know you died for a great principle."

We will not finish for another two centuries and a half the economic pressure that wars have already cost the United States of America! It will take us another three centuries to get out from under the cost of it alone. We have mortgaged untold generations with this ghastly, useless thing called war. Where do we get an idea it solves problems?

I believe with all my heart and soul if we could get an honest vote and a

secret vote, where every man, in the sanctity of his own personality, could go to a ballot box — every Chinese, every Russian, every German, every Italian, every African, every Frenchman, every Englishman, every person in the United States—if we could get an honest ballot, and let the people decide by an honest vote whether we should have war or not, it would be an overwhelming majority against it. The peoples of the world—who pay the biggest price in peace and in war, and the people who receive the least in peace — the peoples of the world want peace! And why don't they get it? For a simple reason. I don't think they want it hard enough.

When the people want peace hard enough, they will stand up in the world and get it!

BOOK CHATS

WHEN I met Bess Sondel, she had just written *Are You Telling Them?* That was about eight years ago. I was a program chairman in a chapter of a new organization, and she blessed our meeting with her presence and her alert intelligence. I well remember how she "woke us up with a bang," and how delighted everyone was to have met her and heard her. Not only that: they asked her questions and she gave them some very worthwhile answers.

Bess Sondel is interested in communication, not merely for the transmission of ideas, but "with the transmission of ideas and ideals as they affect human beings in daily life." Studying semantics is a lifetime undertaking for her. Her vital concern with the intelligent use of language has been evident in all the stages of her academic career—first as a student at the University of Chicago, then as an instructor, and finally in her present position as Professorial Lecturer in Communication at the University of Chicago.

She is also currently Consultant in Communication to the University's Industrial Relations Center. Among her books are *Everyday Speech, Speak Up! A New Approach to Communication, Experiment in the Teaching of Communication to the Students of the Labor Education Division, Roosevelt University, Experiment in the Teaching of Communication to Senior, Junior, and Potential Executives,* and a pioneer work for use at the University College of the University of Chicago entitled *Communication: A Field Theory.*

It is about time I told you that I am here concerned with Mrs. Sondel's latest book, *The Humanity of Words,* which she calls a primer of semantics, and a layman's guide to the power of languages. It is published by The World Publishing Company.

How many of us in maturity have wished that those who guided our early education would have paid more attention to our study of language and to the most intelligent use of words. For in maturity, if not before, we realize more fully their importance. A friend of mine gives an address which he calls "It's Not What You Say, But How You Say It."

In Part One of *The Humanity of Words,* under the heading "The Com-

munication Process Relates Man to Mankind," the author gives this definition of "semantics," which she says makes room for the essential points her *Primer* will emphasize: "The subject matter of semantics is here limited to the study of techniques by which to accomplish purposes through the use of words." She calls semantics a social science in its own right, since it is related to human behavior.

"Words have the power to bind persons and peoples and generations together. While other living things steer themselves by signals that nature provides, man alone changes himself and his world by the signals and signs that he himself produces. And chief among these is words. Only man can pyramid one idea upon another, and all of them interrelated. Only man can look back on the past experience of his species and relate it constructively to the present and to the future. And this by means of words."

In speaking of language as social, the author says:

"Language makes it possible for human beings to think together, to feel together, and to act together. For those who know a language, words may set up similar expectations, words may establish similar preferences, and words may be the cue to similar behavior. To know a language is to have a common ground upon which to meet others . . ."

"We have not yet opened our minds and our hearts and our selves to the one enveloping fact that the community is now the world and that the class to which we belong is humanity."

In Parts Two and Three and Four Mrs. Sondel gives an analysis of three major sources of semantic theory—Ogden and Richards, Alfred Korzybski, and Charles Morris. An evaluation of their work led to the author's *Field Theory of Communication,* a parallel to psychology's field theory of personality.

A thoughtful study of this book should reward the reader with a keener appreciation of the humanity of words, and of the human potential that can be realized when words are used intelligently and well.

Let me say at once though, that unless you are the student type and like to concentrate deeply on a subject, you had better look the book over a bit, thumb through it, or borrow it from the library before you make a purchase of it. I could not help but wish that Bess Sondel had not been quite so academic and analytical, so that her book might have popular appeal. She has selected a very attractive title, The Humanity of Words. But the word "Humanity" in the title predicated in my mind a warmth which the cold analysis of the context did not develop. Yet I do have the feeling that I would enjoy taking a course under Bess Sondel, if I could find the time in this busy life of mine to do so.

* * *

The Human Life of Jesus, by John Erskine, published March 5, 1958, is a sixth printing of the book by William Morrow and Company. The first edition was published in 1945. John Erskine was a distinguished and beloved teacher at Columbia University for many years. He was honored by degrees from the country's leading colleges and universities. He was one of the brightest lights in the field of American letters. His interests ranged from music to modern novels; from the technical to the literary.

This book which he wrote from a deep and attentive study of the Gospels, remains one of the most stimulating and original interpretations of the life of Jesus. It was the human

life of Jesus that fascinated Erskine.

Studied in this way, Jesus' teachings not only become remarkably clear, but they become terribly pertinent to our times.

Jesus lived in a period of national and international unrest, with bitter conflicts of race and creed. His teachings had an immediate and practical purpose, and the hostility He aroused is the story of His life.

In showing the humanness of his character, along with his spiritual vision, John Erskine tells of the talk with the woman of Samaria at Jacob's well. He makes it as real and natural as any conversation of this present day might be. The author says of it: "This little scene is a poem. It concentrates a great deal of history and a great deal of human nature. If I read it correctly, it expresses also much humor and not a little irony. Whether we realize it or not, much of its charm comes from the impact of these two very different personalities." Then John Erskine surmises that somewhere in the life of Jesus during the many years of which we know nothing of his life, that a woman had hurt him deeply. "He is invariably kind to those women who have any degree of warmheartedness, the slightest share of decent cordiality; he is bitter against those who are mean or mercenary. . ." "Immorality he condemned, of course, but he made a distinction between those whose faults are the product of generosity and those who have kept themselves in good repute by not living at all or by living as little as possible. If I presume to say that this woman was one of the people for whose untidy life he could find an excuse, my reason is that in the midst of the talk about exalted spiritual principles, he interrupted himself to make a shrewd guess about her private life. He recognized the type. We shall notice again how often he recognized it."

John Erskine's analysis of all the episodes in the life of Jesus make them so meaningful as to make the Bible an entirely new book to us, and one whose every story can be brought right down to the present and understood in terms of the present;—a way made plain. It could almost be said to be written in a popular manner, as though the entire atmosphere of centuries ago and the surroundings had been gathered up and set right down in our midst.

Certainly anyone who would like to understand the life of Jesus and his times would be delighted with this book. It is a beautiful story of the Human Life of Jesus.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

IT was the City of Los Angeles we were riding on, Lucile and I, on our way to Marion, Iowa, for over the Easter week-end. I thought I had been on some rather up-to-date, nice trains before this, but on that Friday evening, April 4th, I decided I had never been on a train as beautiful as the City of Los Angeles. Of course Lucile and I were feeling a bit "arty," since we had been taking painting lessons for about three weeks, but even

had that not been so, the coloring and good taste which had been exhibited in outfitting that train would have impressed us both. Windows that appeared to be framed like an exquisite painting impressed us in the Lounge; we passed a special, small, private dining room on our way to the Diner. The Diner was a Dome Diner, and again, the decorators had chosen such beautiful coloring. Lucile wished she had brought her special Strobe light for flashlight pictures. Lucile, besides studying painting, is an expert with the camera, so you see I was in interesting company.

Lucile had invited me to accompany her to the home of a married sister in Marion, where her Mother was to be visiting also, and where another sister and her husband would arrive on Sunday, in time for dinner. I was especially grateful for the lovely invitation for, to one who has no family of her own or relative living close by, it lends a warm and pleasant feeling to be accepted into a family for some special day like the holidays or Eastertime. Then there was Kenny, nine years old, and the son of Mr. and Mrs. Kraner, the family we were visiting.

After Kenny and I got acquainted we really enjoyed each other, for we discovered we were kindred souls. By that I mean that Kenny told me he liked painting, singing and poetry. And he told me in a tone of voice that made me realize he was proud of it, so I knew he really loved those subjects. Of course I'm no flaming star at painting, singing or poetry; but when I was a little girl I used to love to sing hymns, morning, noon and night. An Aunt of mine made me so downhearted one day when she stopped my singing because I was singing "before breakfast" which was supposed to mean I would cry before night. I didn't get a really activated urge to paint until last summer, but when I get enthusiastic, I get enthusiastic with a capital "E" so I felt we were kindred spirits there. Kenny paints the most beautiful birds, and can identify all the birds. Then came poetry: well, I started in my 'teens writing verses (I wouldn't say they were poetry, but they "jingled"). So I really have found a new friend in Kenny.

Kenny not only recited one of his poems for me but he wrote it out, in very fancy printing of which any nine-year-old might well be proud, and then drew a nice fat robin on the side for decoration. I think you might like to read Kenny's poem. Here it is:

God is mighty,
God is true;
God is great and
Powerful too.
With his power,
With his sad,
God is good and
Never bad.
God loves Jesus,
God loves you.
God loves everybody—
Mom, Pop, too.

Kenneth James Kraner, 9 years.

It was quite evident all through our visit that Kenny and his Dad are real pals. Saturday afternoon had been promised to Kenny by his Dad as an afternoon which they would spend together. Kenny decided baseball would be his choice for recreation. However, it had rained and the ground was pretty muddy. They did try baseball, but it wasn't long before they came in and agreed to take the ladies over to Mt. Vernon for a short visit and some sight-seeing. On the way an important stop was made at a downtown store. When the two gentlemen came out of the store (having left the ladies in the car) Kenny was the proud owner of a new football and a softball. We fin-

ished our trip with everybody doing a little singing, led by Kenny Kraner. It was evident the rain hadn't dampened his spirits too much. We saw a very beautiful woodpecker (or was it a flicker?) while making the visit and inspected the indentations he had made later on, to find some sticky sap oozing out of them. I had supposed he was after worms, instead of sweet sap. I thought of how I like honey and sugar, so I felt in great sympathy with the little red-headed beauty.

We attended the First Methodist Church of Marion Sunday morning, though it rained very hard. I sat in church at a quarter of eleven, and before the service started pictured myself seated in the Peoples Church, and wondered how the pulpit looked with its Easter decorations and for a moment felt lonely for our lovely Easter service which I never miss. However, the service started at once and I entered into its spirit and felt blessed from having participated in it. It was a lovely service, three choirs joining in the singing, new members being received and babies christened —all very well behaved babies they were, too. The subject chosen by the pastor, the Rev. Ralph E. Baker, was "You Will Never Walk Alone," and the intimation was that if you did, it would be of your own choosing.

Yes, I'm very grateful to Lucile and to all her dear kindred for welcoming me into their family group for a lovely Easter.

It was my second meeting with Lucile's Mother, Mrs. Mary Keve, for I had enjoyed a fine visit with her in Evansville, Indiana, last summer at another daughter's home; the home of Florence Keve, head of the Art Department of Evansville University. This Easter trip was my first visit to Iowa, so I have met another State also by this visit.

This coming weekend, April 12th and 13th, I shall be in Springfield, Ohio, attending the Convention of Division 9, Dale Carnegie Club International; then on April 19th and 20th, I go to French Lick, Indiana, for the Convention of Division 10; April 26th and 27th I attend my own Division 2 Convention here in Chicago, at the Sheraton Hotel. As D. C. C. I. is an adult education organization which stresses good human relations through effective speech, and numbers for its membership graduates of basic Dale Carnegie classes who have for their goal improving their characters and personalities, I shall be spending these week ends with groups of splendid people who I know will do my heart and soul good through their friendship, and we will all receive inspiration from these contacts and the fine programs arranged for us.

* * *

Right on top in the Mail Bag are several letters which Dr. Bradley received from listeners and viewers of the Saturday night television broadcast on WGN:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Please accept our sincere thanks for your efforts in bringing us your fine TV series of talks. We are always looking forward to that half-hour on Saturday night. We would like to have such programs more often.

Our appreciation goes also to the Dormeyer Company for their excellent choice in bringing this worthwhile program to the people.

I know their products are good and hope the program helps their sales.

With our very best wishes to Dr. Bradley and the Dormeyer Company,

Respectfully,

Mr. and Mrs. John Wirtz,

Lake Bluff, Illinois.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

You just finished your television program which my sister and I enjoyed very much. Wouldn't it be nice if our Chicago papers, and others, would be more like the Christian Science Monitor, which does not print crimes or murders? Am sure you are familiar with the Monitor. We, too, are loyal to Chicago, having lived here sixty years, and do you know we have listened to your radio programs over thirty years.

Thank you for your sincere efforts to make this a better world and city.

Regards to Carmelita Pope whom we used to watch on "Down You Go." Will be watching for you again every Saturday.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Matilda P. Sailor.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Your Saturday night broadcasts are a very fine tonic to end the week. Last night was especially good. In this troubled world such a sane synthesis of the current scene as you gave last evening certainly does help one to keep the feet on the ground. And nothing is more needed than just that.

In the broadcasts where you called attention to the career of Washington who risked his fortune, his sacred honor and his life in a cause for which he believed, you struck the first note I ever heard from any speaker and I never saw it in the writings of any historian. I have often wondered why no one touched on this.

You may remember me as the Past Master who sat at your left when you spoke to the Masons of Hammond in May, 1956. You invited me to come and see you before your departure for Europe, but I never did get to see you. I hope to sometime.

I think of you as the Beecher of your time and mine. We were born within two days of each other and the events of our time have molded our thoughts much alike; but of course you have had a great deal to do with molding my thoughts.

As one who writes for a paper which circulates once a month among a couple of thousand farm families in this county, and a little magazine that does the same, whenever someone tells me he likes something I have written it encourages me to continue the effort, when I sometimes think "What is the use?" Not one in a thousand takes the time to tell me this, but it is always a good feeling to hear it. So I tell you this for the same reason. Your work does good to uncounted millions.

Once on his birthday I wrote an article of appreciation of Herbert Hoover and sent him the article. Do you know he wrote me saying he appreciated such friendship. This would seem to prove that up to the very heights, every man likes to be appreciated.

My good wishes go to you for many more years of usefulness.

Sincerely yours,
Merritt D. Metz,
Attorney at Law,
Hammond, Indiana.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

It was interesting to hear you talk over TV from Chicago the other night. Having been born on the South side in 1903 and now living just as far North as I can get, I am naturally interested in its history and improvements.

It is refreshing and stimulating to occasionally tune in on a program such as yours, that is constructive, interesting and not a waste of time.

Mrs. Frances R. Boardman.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I am a retired Congregational Min-

ister, will soon be 83 years of age. I retired four years ago. I listen to you on Saturday evenings. I enjoy it. I was particularly interested in your address of last Saturday on Reputation and Character; but, as you said, character is the lasting thing. Then, too, you mentioned Newcastle-on-Tyne. My home is in the north of England, born in County of Durham, also worked in Northumberland. A lay (local) preacher there for many years. I came to the United States in 1910, was ordained by the Methodists, transferred to the Congregationalists and am now a member and Sunday School teacher of Jefferson Park Congregational, at 5318 Giddings St.

By the way, my daughter and son-in-law, W. T. Bickleys, living at 4623 N. Winchester Ave., both members of Park Ridge Congregational, but they seldom attend. I have spoken to them of the Peoples Church. Also a son by our daughter's former marriage, James Pearson. He is in the final year at Northwestern College. He also is a member of the Congregational Church. Continued success to you and the church. Yours sincerely,

Peter Ivison.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

We want to tell you how much we enjoy your new Saturday night television program. It certainly is a refreshing and worthwhile change from the general trend of TV programs today.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl W. Kresgel,
Elmhurst, Ill.

* * *

WGN-TV. Dear Sirs:

Am most anxious to secure two copies of Dr. Preston Bradley's discussion on education, if you provide this service. I will gladly pay whatever sum. What wonderful ideas and ideals! I refer to the 10 p.m. broadcast tonight, Saturday, March 8th. Thank you.

Miss Margaret Coghlan.

P.S.: I am a Chicago school teacher and need it to help convince a few with iron-bound ideas on how to teach! (And *what* to teach.)

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Thank you and Channel nine for bringing your talks into our home. I find them very interesting.

Sorry to say I don't get to watch you every week, because some other member of the family wants to watch one of the movies. But I watch you whenever I can get the television. Thank you again, I've been wanting to write for some time.

Mrs. Frank Noch.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I am writing these few lines to tell you how much I enjoyed your talk on your television program last Saturday night, March 1st. It was a most friendly and inspiring message and I hope countless others heard it and were inspired as I was.

I am a member of Congregation Rodfei Zedek, where Rabbi Ralph Simon is the spiritual leader. I still pleasantly recall hearing you many years ago when you spoke at our synagogue.

May you continue your fine work for many years to come.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Louis Winer.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

This is the third Saturday I have been one of the millions of your audience. I enjoy your talks *very* much. You are a wonderful person. Had we more men like you, such understanding, and so charitable to everyone, regardless of race, nationality or religion, we would *not* have such turmoil

and hatred and jealousy in this world. I have told several of my friends to tune in on Channel 9 Saturday at 10 p.m. and some of them remarked after last Saturday they agree with me. I am not of your faith, I am a Catholic, but to me it is not what religion he is; we *all* have only one Creator, and we all travel the road we know best. Maybe there is a shorter cut, but we all get there I hope.

May God bless you; I'll be seeing you Saturday.

Sincerely,

Mrs. T. G. Zapfe.

P.S.: I am the grandmother of 14 grandchildren.

* * *

Not long ago Dr. Bradley addressed a dinner of the Special Agents Association, at the Svithiod Club. This association is comprised of law enforcing officers of United States Government, and State, County and Chicago Police. A couple of days later he received the following letter from Frank V. Martinek, Asst. Vice-President of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana):

Dear Dr. Bradley:

You will never know the privilege and pleasure I received from sitting alongside you at the St. Patrick's Day dinner of the Special Agents Association last night at the Svithiod Club.

You are one of my favorite people and I one of your humble fans. Over the years I have listened to you on radio, television, and at various functions, and have always been inspired by your highly spiritual messages. Your philosophy of life is akin to mine, and your spirit of "We, Us and Ours" instead of "I, Me and Mine," if adopted by government, business and what-not, would mean much to the world and its existence.

Thanks again for the wonderful speech you made. It was truly out of this world and one I shall never forget. You saw how everybody hung on your every word and no one left the room until you had finished.

May God continue to bless and keep you and the charming, lovely and gracious Mrs. Bradley, and hoping to have the pleasure of seeing you at some future date, I am

Frank.

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Your report and discussion last evening on education was of such impressive instruction that I wonder whether a copy of same is available to us as some of your Sunday sermons are. My brother in New York is teaching in the adult education department of the Stamford, Conn., Board of Education on the contemporary novel and is so deeply interested, as am I, in the current problems of education, a copy of your ideas would certainly be appreciated. All of my brothers (of which we are five) plus my father, attended St. Paul's School in Concord, New Hampshire, with which you may be familiar. Although my mother was Catholic and came from a very strict and prominent Catholic family in New York, she never denied us the most valuable experience of learning under teachers of the highest order; but I, myself, have forgotten most of the fundamentals drilled into my brain and mind. Never, however, will I forget the individual teacher, or personality, who tried to plant his doctrines into my irresponsible senses, and these I shall never forget.

I do enjoy seeing you again on TV and hope it is going well.

Thank you sincerely,

Walter James.

* * *

Sunday evening, April 13, Dr.

Bradley celebrated his 46th Anniversary in the Peoples Church. He received this lovely letter from the President of Magikist Rug Cleaners:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Just a short note to congratulate you on your 46th year as Pastor of the Peoples Church and to tell you I was happy to be able to spend Easter Sunday with you. Am only sorry I cannot attend this Sunday.

Also I am very proud to be associated with you and your work even in the small way that I am, and if I help to bring your message to many who otherwise might not hear you I am well paid.

May you be with us for many, many more years.

Your friends,
Min and Bill Gage.

* * *

Not only has Magikist Company been co-operating with the church in the Sunday broadcasts throughout the year, but in many ways throughout the year have they lent their help to the Peoples Church, all of which we and the congregation as a whole deeply appreciate.

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

CHRISTENINGS

2—Linda Sue Haehlen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Haehlen
9—Virginia Marie Roberts, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Roberts
9—Debra Lynn Server, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Server
30—Lauren Valerie Jensen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eigil Jensen

The Following New Members Were Publicly Welcomed Into the Peoples Church On Easter Sunday, April 6, 1958

Mrs. Edward H. Anderson,
7739 N. Eastlake Terrace (26)
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Conway,
4034 N. LaVergne Ave. (41)
Mr. and Mrs. Ray M. Davies,
906 N. Third Ave., Maywood, Ill.
Miss Bonnie Dill,
2731 N. Leavitt St. (47)
Miss Jean Drummond,
4740 Kenmore Ave. (40)
Mrs. Rose Dyvig,
2511 N. Clark St. (14)
Miss Cornelia S. Hartshorn,
2127 W. 107th St. (43)
Mrs. Belle R. Hlavac,
603 S. Independence Blvd. (24)
Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Johnson,
856 Agatite Ave. (40)
Miss Margaret Letang,
5659 W. Warwick Ave. (34)
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lewis,
5533 Glenwood Ave. (40)
Miss Martha A. Mehsling,
5858 Sheridan Road (40)
Mr. and Mrs. Philip Mick,
1439 Belmont Ave. (13)
Mrs. Kathleen O'Grady,
7237 Sheridan Road
Mrs. Philip O'Meara,
815 Emerson Ave., Evanston, Ill.
Mr. and Mrs. P. Orpilla,
1412 N. Campbell Ave. (22)
Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Owen,
927 Wilson Ave. (40)
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Rabin,
2830 Berwyn Ave. (25)
Miss Louise Rabin,
2830 Berwyn Ave. (25)
Mrs. Patricia Rotert,
4716 Sheridan Rd. (40)
Mr. and Mrs. Donald W. Ruden
4750 N. Clarendon Ave. (40)
Miss Yvonne L. Siebalt,
7013 S. Rockwell St. (29)
Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Stabenow,
2055 Belleplaine Ave. (18)
Miss Patricia Timmerman,
4834 Kenmore Ave. (40)
Mr. and Mrs. Russell M. Young,
880 Lake Shore Drive (11)

The Following Children Were Christened:

Carl John Rotert, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Carl John Rotert.
Darlene Ellen Hoggard and Doreen Ellen Hoggard, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. James Hoggard.
William Donald Ruden, son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Ruden.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

MARCH

1—Wedding.
Funeral.
WBBM, cutting record.
Address. WGN-TV-9.

2—WBBM. "Words & Music."
Morning Service. Peoples Church.
WAIT. Morning Service Broadcast.
WCFL. Vesper Broadcast.
Evening service. Peoples Church.
WSEL. Morning Service Broadcast.

3—Address. McLean County Institute, High School, Bloomington.

4—Attended Chicago Merit Award Luncheon, observing Chicago's 121st birthday.
Meeting. Uptown Chicago Association of Commerce.
Address. American Institute of Baking Banquet. Edgewater Beach Hotel.

5—Meeting. Chicago Commission on Human Relations.
Lenten Vesper Service. Peoples Church.
Pastor's Cabinet Meeting.

6—Address. Kiwanis Club.
Harris Restaurant

7—Funeral.

8—Funeral.
Address. WGN-TV-9.

9—WBBM. "Words & Music."
Morning Service. Peoples Church.
WAIT. Morning Service Broadcast.
WCFL. Vesper Broadcast.
Evening service. Peoples Church.
WSEL. Morning Service Broadcast.

10—Address. Annual Award Banquet Junior Assoc. of Commerce, Pekin, Ill.

11—Address. Testimonial dinner to Dr. John L. Campbell. Parkway Dining Room.

12—Funeral.
Lenten Address. Peoples Church.

13—Meeting. Advisory Board, Friends of Literature, Evanston, Ill.

14—Address. First Methodist Church, 12th Consecutive Year. Lenten Service. Milwaukee, Wis.

15—Wedding.
WBBM. Cut record.
Address. WGN-TV-9.

16—WBBM. "Words & Music."
Morning Service. Peoples Church.
WAIT. Morning Service Broadcast.
WCFL. Vesper Broadcast.
Evening Service. Peoples Church.

17—Address. Chicago Public Library.
Meeting. Forming Albert Schweitzer Foundation

18—Address. Gary PTA, Gary Consolidated Public School.

19—Funeral.
Meeting. American Heritage Council.
Lenten Service. Peoples Church.

20—Funeral.
Address. Special Agents Assoc. dinner. Swedish Club.

21—Address. University of Minnesota students. Peoples Church.
WCFL. Cutting records.
Attended English Speaking Union.

22—WBBM, cutting record.
WGN-TV-9. Address.

23—WBBM. "Words & Music."
Morning Service. Peoples Church.
WAIT. Morning Service Broadcast.
WCFL. Vesper Broadcast.
Evening Service. Peoples Church.
WSEL. Morning Service Broadcast.
Address. 22nd Annual Dinner, Psychiatric Aid Society.

24—Two Funerals.
Board meeting. Public Library.

25—Lenten Service, First Presbyterian Church, Hammond, Ind.

26—Lenten Service. Peoples Church.
Address. Award Dinner to Mayor Daley.

28—Address. Shaare Tikvah.

29—Funeral.
WBBM, cutting record.
Address. WGN-TV-9.

30—WBBM. "Words & Music."
Morning Service, Peoples Church.
WAIT. Morning Service Broadcast.
WCFL. Vesper Broadcast.
Evening Service. Peoples Church.
WSEL. Morning Service Broadcast.

31—Opening 32nd Season Holy Week Services. Erlanger Theatre. Dr. Sunder Joshi sharing the pulpit.

FUNERALS

1—Caroline Gapp.
7—William Syvertsen.
8—Mrs. Ella A. Busk.
12—Ralph Bonnell.
19—Mrs. Ella Manny.
20—Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.
24—Mr. Louis Pastrack.
Mrs. Clara Williams.
29—Mrs. Mamie Klinge.

WEDDINGS

1—Margaret Alanko and Paul Hochberg

15—Kathleen Sebourn and Lyle Jones

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday morning broadcast, WBBM, "Words and Music"
Dr. Bradley and the Peoples Church Choir and Quartet ..... 7:30 a.m.
Choir rehearsals—Every Sunday. New members welcomed ..... 9:30 a.m.
Sunday School, Rex Styzens, Director, Religious Education:
Children and all others over ten years, come at 10 a.m.
Children under ten years, come at 10:45 a.m.
Adult discussion group, 10:00 to 10:40 a.m.
Pick-up service available for children.
Kindergarten during church service.
Sunday morning service ..... 11:00 a.m.
Sunday morning service broadcast, WAIT ..... 1:00 p.m.
I.A.H. Club (High School group) every Sunday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.
Uptown Temple Club (single adults), every Sunday, Anderson Hall ..... 5:00 p.m.
Friday night, May 16, at 8:00 p.m. and Sunday, May 18 at 4:00 p.m., the Uptown Temple Club will present "Confidential Clerk" by T. S. Elliott, a comedy in three acts. Tickets $1.25, can be procured from church office, LO 1-6878 or SU 4-9212.
Vesper Broadcast, WCFL, every Sunday ..... 5:45 p.m.
Sunday Evening Service (Re-opens November 2, 1958) ..... 7:00 p.m.
Sunday Morning Service Broadcast, WESL (104.3FM) ..... 9:00 p.m.
Wednesday Evening Book Reviews (the four Wednesdays in January) ..... 8:00 p.m.
Woman's Club: Opening Luncheon in September. For information regarding membership and summer events, contact Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Chris Larsen, 909 Gunnison St., RAvenswood 8-2420
Professional and Business Woman's Club:
Tuesday, May 6th, Annual Spring Dinner, Lewis Towers.
Guest Speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley ..... 6:00 p.m.
Men's Club: Tuesday, May 27th, Church Dinner and Men's Club Frolics for all members and friends of the church and their families.
Tickets $1.35, including dinner and show ..... 6:00 p.m.
Couples Club meets 3rd Tuesday in Anderson Hall, Folk Dance ..... 7:30 p.m.
The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*
Ushers Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.
Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave. ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 7:00 p.m.
Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Thursday, Anderson Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.
Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Thursday, Bradley Hall ..... 3:30 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule
Every Sunday

WBBM—"Words and Music"— Dr. Bradley and Peoples Church Choir ..... 7:30 a.m.
WAIT—Church Service Broadcast ..... 1:00 p.m.
WCFL—Vesper Broadcast ..... 5:45 p.m.
WSEL (104.3 FM)—Church Service Broadcast ..... 9:00 p.m.
WGN-TV-9, Channel 9, every Saturday ..... 10:00 p.m.

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